

# BROWN'S IRON BITTERS WILL CURE

HEADACHE  
INDIGESTION  
BILIOUSNESS  
DYSPEPSIA  
NERVOUS PROSTRATION  
MALARIA  
CHILLS AND FEVERS  
TIRED FEELING  
GENERAL DEBILITY  
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES  
IMPURE BLOOD  
CONSTIPATION  
FEMALE INFIRMITIES  
RHEUMATISM  
NEURALGIA  
KIDNEY AND LIVER  
TROUBLES

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
The genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red  
Laces in wrapper.

TAKE NO OTHER.



"Aches all over!" What a common expression, and how much I long to bring a poor sufferer! These aches have a cause, and more frequently than I can possibly suspect, the cause is the Liver or Kidneys. No ache is more painful or serious than this, and no remedy is so prompt and effective.

# MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

This remedy has got been discovered that is so effective in all KIDNEY AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, etc., and yet it is simple and harmless. Science and medical skill have combined with wonderful success those herbs which nature has provided for the cure of disease. It strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

Hon. Theodore Stevens, the distinguished Congressman, wrote to a fellow member who was suffering from a severe attack of colic, "Try Misler's Herb Bitters. I believe it will cure you. I have used it for both prevention and after the cure of the kidney, and it is the most wonderful combination of medicinal herbs I ever saw."

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO.,  
525 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails.



# CURE

Sick headache and relieves all the trouble incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Distress, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

# SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

# HEAD

Aches they would almost puzzle to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately Carter's Little Liver Pills are very easy to take. One or two pills each day will soon cure them and will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

# ACHE

In the bone of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills each day will soon cure them and will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York



# HAY-FEVER & Positive Cure.

Fifty cents a night. 10 cents by mail registered. Send for catalog. Sample by mail 10¢. ELY BROTHERS, Douglass, Mass. N. Y.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA. When she was a child, she cried for CASTORIA. When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA. When she had children, she gave them CASTORIA.

Many a Lady is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

# TOM HUGHES' COLONY.

The Manner of Life in the Quaint Pictures of Rugby—Fault Finding.

Natives.—While I was at Glen Mary, on the Southern road, a few miles from here, writes a correspondent of the Cincinnati "Times-Star," and one of the "impresarios" to me: "There inhabited Englishmen over at Rugby, tradesmen, folks down here like us if we weren't so no account."

I have been at Rugby long enough to have a fair knowledge of men and things here, and if these English do place such a light estimate upon their immediate neighbors I can't see how they are to blame for it. But if any misunderstanding should exist between English and American settlers it is much to be regretted. The Englishman will keep on saying, "The queen, God bless her," as he may have a right to do. The American will imagine his neighbor from over the water does not adore the Fourth of July hard enough. That's about the substance of their difference.

These natives around Rugby are a queer and peculiar lot. In such a neat, highland country you might expect to find a hardy robust people after several generations on the soil. On the contrary, they are as sad and sickly looking a crowd, both sexes considered, as those contained over afford. If you meet a group of them, man and female, you are at first puzzled to tell, from their odd and outlandish appearance, to whom they belong, red, or black, very rarely being. They own a few acres, working at them months of the year, just to get the mere necessities of life, and spend the remainder of their time in hunting where game is too scarce to tempt an enterprising sportsman.

The population of Rugby is about two thousand, and only about one of them are English. The others are settlers from one North, and one Kentucky family. The natives, so far as can be prevented, are not allowed to "breed" on the 400 acre estate. Two or three hundred pensioners located here, and made themselves useful in household work.

The townsite of Rugby was laid out under the direction of a young master to create a colony, was begun October 1880. A family, choosing the country, have met against them, the settlers have made remarkable growth in less than five years. The pioneer school advanced as rapidly as it might have done, but it has not been the fault of the many who are now married at work. They have had a pleasant and healthy climate in their favor, and nothing advancing else. The name of Rugby has been compared with that of its founder, Mr. Thomas Hughes. But the London company who furnished the money to buy these forty thousand acres, have not, as I hear, done what would have given them the full benefit of its infant renown. For one thing, a very high price put upon the land, according to common report, has driven away hundreds of persons who had actually come to settle here.

I wish I could speak a better word for my own countrymen, who are residents of Rugby, but I am afraid I can not. For instance, some will come here from New York or Pennsylvania or elsewhere, build fine houses and lay off an elaborate lawn around it, all by hired labor. Then they make no effort at any kind of business, but shut themselves up in their homes and grumble at what they think the English don't do, and tell visitors how much more an American company would have done. Other Americans here, of the working class, seem to be waiting for something to turn up. In this list I would not include one blue-grass farmer who, it appears to me, leads them all in industry and thrift; nor the "commissary" (storekeeper), a live Boston Yankee. Also two or three Ohio people here are doing well, but as usual they will seize on to the positions that are to be had; one is commander-in-chief of a saw-mill, and another, a lady, is the librarian of the Hughes library.

I think I can safely say that the greater part of the work of clearing and cultivating the soil has been done by the English. In this the rector of the parish sets a good example. He and his several able-bodied sons already have a hundred acre farm, or rather garden, in an excellent state of tillage, all the labor of their own hands. It may be rather a strange sight for an Episcopalian clergyman to be at it, day by day, plowing and hoeing, and maybe mowing, but it can be seen at Rugby.

I asked him if he didn't think I would find it rough enough to ride him standing up. A horse's back without saddle upon it is no place for an ordinarily constituted human being to sit down on.

Once when I was younger and knew less of the snags and pitfalls of a worked world than I do now, I was saving a few weeks and a good many dollars in the country.

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The complete failure of Mr. Hughes' novel plan to make Rugby a place where the dissolute younger sons of aristocratic English families could reform and grow into industrious American citizens, seems to show in what way history, after nearly three centuries, may repeat itself. We read now, about 275 or 280 years ago, another London company sent out fifty adventurers to start a colony in the new land called Virginia. When their leader, Captain John Smith, looked over his colonists he found them mostly forty gentlemen and ten laborers. The first thing Captain John did was to kick the gentlemen out of the colony. Then he wrote back to London: "Send me forty laboring men." When this was done the colony thrived and grew great. The most of the Rugby youngsters did not wait for Captain John to come around, and the "blue-blooded" heirs have generally succeeded them.

These English lads, the half-breed or so who are still here, are an interesting study. Meeting one of them in his free and easy garb, you would think he was a tramp, and be entirely undecided the instant you heard him speak. They are the devil-may-care sort of fellows, who have done the military and naval part of the British empire. They are kind and generous to a fault, and will work all day and half the night for anybody and everybody but themselves.

On the slightest social occasion they will don their tramp clothes, and disguise themselves in a swell suit, and wear it, too, as if born in it, swallowtail, white tie, and diamond stud complete, and then you'd think they were off to the queen's drawing-room, by Jove!

If I had more space I would have

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We are showing a magnificent line of DRESS GOODS.

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40,000 yards new and desirable Carpets to select from, the largest stock in Central Ohio. Our prices are the lowest all the time.

Respectfully,

# BLACK BROTHER & CO.

## A Story of a Song.

I heard a curious story yesterday in regard to the well-known song:

No one loves me to excess;

Years ago there was a widow,

etc., etc.

The author of this song lives here in Washington, and he boards at a hotel within a square of the White House. He is now a man of perhaps forty, and he wrote the song many years ago. He was in love with a beautiful girl, and the day was fixed for their marriage. In the interval between the engagement and this day the war broke out and the young man enlisted. He was on the field when the time approached for his wedding.

It was on the eve of a great battle, and that the first battle in which the young man was to take part. He wrote to his sweet-heart, asking her to postpone the day of the marriage until after the fight. This she refused to do, and said if he did not return and keep his part of the engagement she would consider the engagement off. The young man preferred to trust to luck in regard to the engagement to being considered a coward in running away from his first battle, and remained on the field. His lady love, however, was so pained at the refusal that she persisted in her rejection of his suit and married another man. Inspired with the feeling of the despatch the rejected wrote the song which had such a wide run.

A man who rides a horse bareback should always learn to ride him standing up. A horse's back without saddle upon it is no place for an ordinarily constituted human being to sit down on them.

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I wish I could speak a better word for my own countrymen, who are residents of Rugby, but I am afraid I can not. For instance, some will come here from New York or Pennsylvania or elsewhere, build fine houses and lay off an elaborate lawn around it, all by hired labor. Then they make no effort at any kind of business, but shut themselves up in their homes and grumble at what they think the English don't do, and tell visitors how much more an American company would have done. Other Americans here, of the working class, seem to be waiting for something to turn up. In this list I would not include one blue-grass farmer who, it appears to me, leads them all in industry and thrift; nor the "commissary" (storekeeper), a live Boston Yankee. Also two or three Ohio people here are doing well, but as usual they will seize on to the positions that are to be had; one is commander-in-chief of a saw-mill, and another, a lady, is the librarian of the Hughes library.

I asked him if he didn't think I would find it rough enough to ride him standing up. A horse's back without saddle upon it is no place for an ordinarily constituted human being to sit down on them.

And when I had been there two days the farmer's son grasped the fact that I wanted to rough it. I told him I didn't care to go as far as running myself through a hornet's nest or a thrashing machine at first, a little mild excitement would do to begin with.

So I went right out into the wilds of New Jersey, where there are more wilds to be had for the money than anywhere else I know of.

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Let me shine 'em, sir, for I have to support a sick brother at home, who is deformed and can't see."

"Don't do it," said the other one.

"I am his deformed brother, and I don't want to be under no obligations to such a lad. He hasn't got no brother, no how, and I can see better than he can." —*Evening Star.*

I got on and he mounted in front of me to keep the horse going. You may think it strange, but I became prejudiced against bareback riding as soon as I got on that horse; he was so tall and so exceedingly narrow.

Well, the farmer's boy started him, and then I thought the earthquake had come. The way in which the summit of that horse endeavored to penetrate through my spinal column to my soul was something remarkable. A quarter section of my backbone departed this life in the first two minutes.

The old horse was doing his worst. I told the boy there was no hurry. I did not know where we were going, but I said we would get there soon enough if we let the horse walk. But the boy was game and kept the animal on the jump.

Then I said, "My son, my bareback riding terminates right here!" And I rolled myself off the startboard of that horse and struck on my head in a wild blackberry bush. I went home with a nose full of briars and an accumulation of raw experience that would have been worth its weight in gold to my some other fellow had I expected a great deal.

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Little Elvira went to visit at her grandmother's. The country was a revelation to the child. Among other things that excited her wonder and interest was a lamb that came bleating to the door the evening of her arrival. "O, Aunt Hatty," she cried, running indoors, "there's a live sheep here that can talk as plain as anything. Do go out and hear it say 'Moo'."

If I had more space I would have

# BEE LINE.

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Train Leaves Going East.

Night Express, Del. & Col. Accm. 12:45 a.m.

M. Y. & Boston Express. 7:30 a.m.

Cincinnati & N. Y. Fast Line. 8:30 a.m.

Cleveland & Fast Line. 8:30 a.m.

Train Leaves Going West.

Midnight Express. 2:30 a.m.